

the PRESBYTERIAN

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RICHMOND, VA.

I'll Stay Where You've Put Me

I'll stay where you've put me, I will, dear Lord,
Though I wanted so badly to go;
I was eager to march with "the rank and file,"
Yes, I wanted to lead them, you know.
I planned to keep step to the music loud,
To cheer when the banner unfurled,
To stand in the midst of the fight straight and proud
When the enemy's darts were hurled,
But I'll stay where you've put me.

I'll stay where you've put me, I'll work, dear Lord,
Though the field be narrow and small,
And the ground be fallow, and the stones lie thick,
And there seems to be no life at all.
The field is thine own, only give me the seed,
I'll sow it with never a fear
I'll till the dry soil while I wait for the rain,
And rejoice when the green blades appear
I'll work where you've put me.

I'll stay where you've put me, I will, dear Lord;
I'll bear the day's burden and heat,
Always trusting thee fully; when even has come
I'll lay heavy sheaves at thy feet.
And, then, when my earth work is ended and done,
In the light of eternity's glow,
Life's record all closed, I surely shall find
It was better to stay than to go;
I'll stay where you've put me.

✻ "To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.---Isaiah liii : 20. ✻